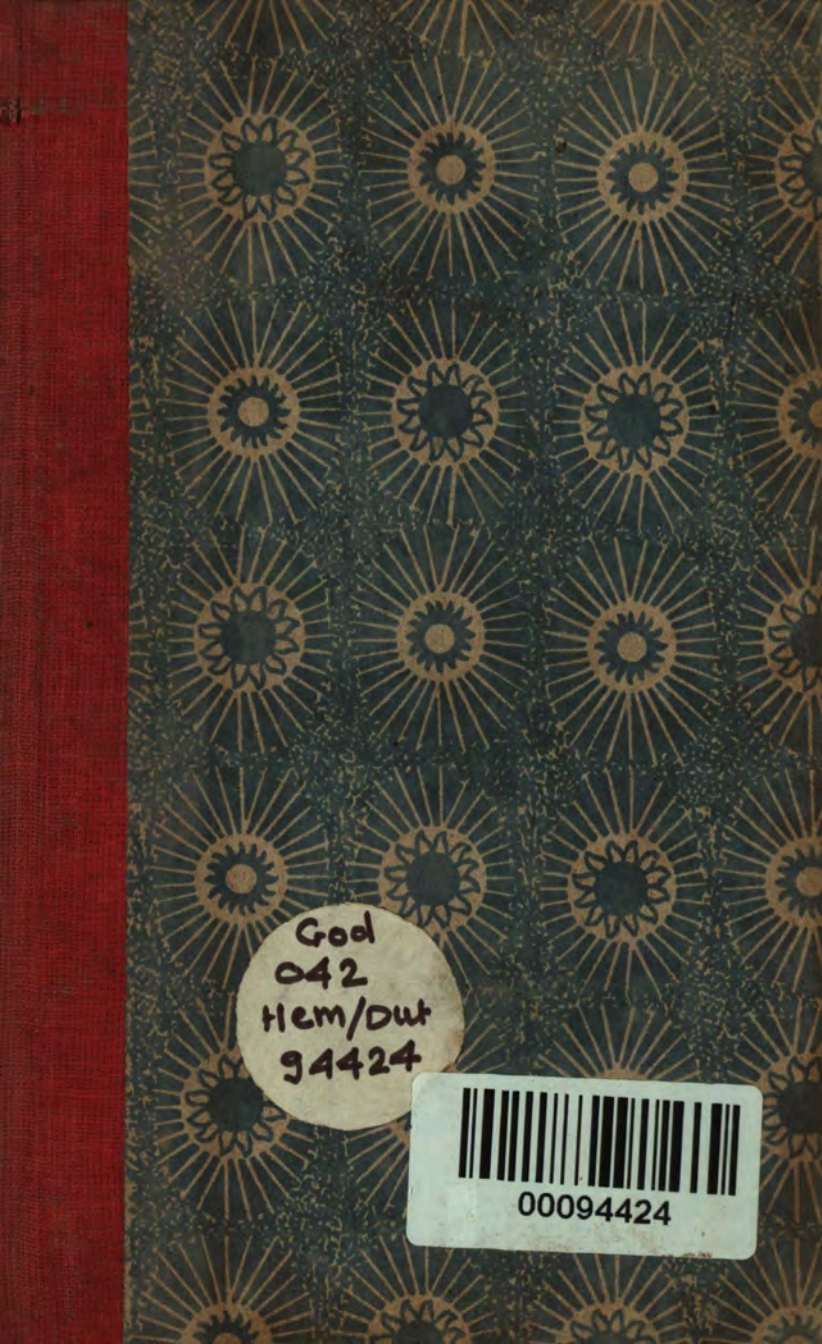

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THE DUTCH SALMAGUNDI

OF

PAUL VAN HEMERT.

TRANSLATED BY

LEWIS JACKSON;

Author of an Introduction to French Poetry, &c. &c. &c.



M·M

94424

LONDON:

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Thomas White, Printer,
Crane Court.

TO

HIS WORTHY AND MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND,

MR. CHARLES WERTHEIM,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE INSCRIBED,

AS A FEEBLE MARK OF UNFEIGNED ESTEEM

AND REGARD,

BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE TRANSLATOR.

PREFACE.

I DO not know if it has yet been decided whether the writing or the reading of a preface be the greater bore. My modesty, of course, prevents me giving an opinion upon so delicate a subject; but, I confess, that I sincerely wish this preface were finished.—"Finished!" says my reader; "I do not at all see the necessity of beginning one." —Gently, my good friend; I was of the same opinion; but, then, I thought a book without a preface would be too great a novelty—perhaps an innovation;—besides, who would (be he commentator, translator, or author,) willingly forego the gratification of displaying his modesty in elegant set-phrases?—Yes, kind reader! I am

told, there is pleasure, even—in appearing diffidently modest.

The eminent success with which Mr. Bowring, and his friend, M. van Dyk, have so deservedly met, in the reception of their elegant versions of some Dutch authors, has induced me to offer a translation also.—"No small share of vanity," says my reader again.—Pray, let it not be supposed that I wish to put myself on an equality with those distinguished literary individuals; *I* offer but humble prose.—The specimens of the aforementioned gentlemen have already shewn, that the claims of our Dutch neighbours to polite literature are by no means inconsiderable. The following extracts, which I beg to offer to the public, will not, I trust, tend to depreciate their well-earned merit.

Reader! smile not (if you can avoid it) at the title of the original work (part of which is here offered,) "Lectuur by het ontbyt en de theetafel."—Anglice, "Literature for the breakfast

and tea-table." Perhaps you think the injunction preposterous—granted. The author, no doubt feared, that, in the course of time, small-talk, back-biting, slander, &c. might be introduced at those sessions—in which our methodical neighbours indulge to an inconceivable length,—and, perhaps, in order to preserve peace and quietness in the several parishes, he, in his philanthropy, gave his work to his fellow-citizens and countrymen, (who, to do them justice, have entered into the views of the author, by introducing it into their families—) of whom he has received the most grateful acknowledgments.

What are the chances against my little volume being received at the breakfast and tea-tables in this country?—Incalculable!—I am aware of it, and shall therefore not press the matter.—The time allotted for the early repast is too short; and, with respect to the tea-table—the lovers of that refreshing beverage are too cha-

ritable (especially visitors to a friendly cup of tea) to allow the company to have recourse to books, to kill that heavy, burdensome reptile, yclept time—as they generally have a confidential communication to make concerning their *friends*, with whom they may have passed the previous evening, which usually occupies the assembly until the card-tables are arranged.

I am therefore *(malgrè moi)* in the very unpleasant necessity of leaving my little production to the option of the public, to read it, whenever they shall think fit, without any specific injunction from

THE TRANSLATOR.

LONDON, JANUARY, 1826.

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ERRATA.

Page 62, *for* Molère *read* Molière.

For the note page 88, as it now stands, *read*—Abuena hora venis, pues quiero emplearos en negocio mui importante, seguro de vuestra leáltad.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

ROBERT STEPHEN, a learned Printer, of the sixteenth century, printed the books of the ancient writers with so much accuracy, that he caused proofs of several of his works to be publicly exhibited; promising a reward for every typographical error that could be pointed out.

Where in the present day is that printer who is so particular? Even the stereotypical plates of Didot, are not quite so pure, but a few ducats might be gained by them. The Germans speak much of their *Pracht ausgaben* (splendid editions), yet, how splendid soever they may be, they have also their typographical errors.

People who read much, do, no doubt now and then observe typographical errors, which, on account of the violent contrast with the

sense of the writer, beguile them of a hearty laugh. If one sits reading much at home, like the true *heluones librorum*, such a laugh is often the best remedy against obstruction in the abdomen. I am therefore desirous to point out the utility of typographical errors, though I willingly confess that, taking them generally, they are more troublesome than pleasant.

Besides this, typographical errors have yet another good quality, not for the reader, but for the writer; which is, that they leave open to the latter a back door, to make his escape, when a critic pulls him over the coals, on account of some blunders; and to bawl out to the public, that it was but a typographical error, about which the learned critic made so confounded a noise. This is particularly convenient with regard to cyphers, and oh! how many a one, in order to deceive the reader, or from ignorance, or at least from negligence, has placed *here* a cypher too much; *there* one too little, and has thus succeeded in saving himself!

Authors, beware that you do not make too great an use of this artifice, else you are in danger that the question be put to you which the celebrated Lessing made to a certain translator

of Horace—"Why, my friend! do you not declare the whole of your book a typographical error?"

The reader doubts not that typographical errors may be variously classed, and I am confident that he thinks, along with me, political and financial typographical errors particularly ugly.

It has often been observed (especially in our time) that political printers have entirely taken wrong letters: through which typographical errors have occurred, for which the poor nation was for a long while after compelled to atone. The worst of it was that Mr. Printer only, sometimes examined the proof-sheet, and moreover in haste, without making a revision or consulting the eyes of others: widely different from Stephen, who had even ducats to throw away upon this subject; no wonder then that many a book was so full of typographical errors, that it could not be read, and that shortly after the printing and publishing of it, another, but, not much better printer, declared it a continued typographical error; that is, a misprint.

No less ugly are the financial typographical errors. If there be any one who wishes to class

them along with the political ones, I will not quarrel about it, suffice it, they are very ugly errors; they exhaust a nation; and what looks more ugly than an exhausted people? How many individuals were ruined, when the American paper money was so reduced that 4000 dollars were equal to one dollar cash! The history of the French assignats is likewise still fresh in our memory, and who does not cry out with me, on looking at our own paper-shop, Heaven preserve us from financial typographical errors!

Not only art, but nature has her typographical errors. Let this be said here by way of consolation to us poor sinners; provided we do not abuse it! Nature, I say, also now and then, puts wrong letters together. I do not know whether Shakspeare meant it in this sense when he named the stupid villain *a typographical error out of the hand of God.** But this I know, the observation is just. Monstrous births, watery brains, and such like;—what are these other than typographical errors

* I have searched several editions of Shakspeare, but cannot find the text as used by the author.

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of Dame Nature! How many misprints of man do we not from time to time, meet with in our perambulations through this globe! I do not so much allude to people who have bodily infirmities; because it is not always nature, but affectation, which is sometimes the cause of these infirmities; and many there are already spoiled in this respect in their earliest youth, from their education; but I look at people, whose character has so little apparent conformity with their external physiognomy, that Lavater himself would be puzzled, and accuse nature of having committed a typographical error. Think my good reader! of a beautiful woman, who is either void of understanding or has a bad heart;—of a strong man who, as the great poet says* "has the eyes of a dog and the heart of stag."—"There are people," says Lavater, "whose foreheads are not well formed, and who nevertheless possess extraordinary powers, on the contrary, there are people with the finest foreheads, who betray a great feebleness of mind." These are typographical errors of nature which have hitherto prevented the

* κυνος ὀμματ' ἐχων, κραδιην δ' ἐλαφοιο.

physiognomist from immediately accepting the beautiful proportions of the head as the mark of excellency of mind.

To know whether Dame Fortune, also commits typographical errors, I have but to cast my eyes around. Heavens! what an innumerable shoal of people stand in an entirely wrong place, in our civil community, like misprinted letters in a book! are not these typographical errors?

No wonder that this goddess daily commits so many errors; if the poet Pacuvius is right, when he describes her as out of her senses and blind. Had she but one of these unhappy qualities, we should sufficiently comprehend the number of her typographical errors: how much more so, as she is not in possession of either her senses or her eyesight!

Bold is the reproach of the Poet! But he is justified by reason, which is almost constantly at variance with Fortune, and accuses her daily of *blindness* and *folly*; What? Here an *Epictetus* in slavery; and there a *Nero* upon a throne! are these letters which suit together? Here, in the pulpit a clergyman as stupid, and as ignorant as a monk of the middle ages; and there, a sensible self-reflecting farmer, who is

obliged by hard labor from morn to night to earn his morsel. Here, an entirely unphilosophical repeater of forefatherly sentiments in the rank of Professor of Philosophy, or a weak, timorous General at the head of a great army; and there——But gently—I do not intend to write a folio: and still it would be necessary, were I to point out all the typographical errors, which this blind, senseless goddess is constantly committing.

As several people are placed much too high in proportion to their talents and abilities; so others, on the contrary merit a much higher rank. In the first case, there are some letters too many; in the other, too few. In both, however, reason finds herself thwarted, and fatigues herself in vain to utter the word. Both these typographical errors are ugly. The first, however, strikes the eye more than the last. "Woe unto thee, O country! whose king is a child."

It seems now and then as if Fortune would correct her typographical errors and would reconcile herself with Reason; but it is in reality Reason herself who makes a virtue of necessity, and in such cases, forces that goddess to commit deeds which she would otherwise not think of.

Many a man shines in history as a star of the first magnitude, who but just before lived as an every-day character, quite unobserved; and would for ever have remained so, if extraordinary circumstances had not called him into action. What is this, well considered, but a victory which Reason has obtained over Fortune?

This is particularly the case in affairs of genius—the field of battle therefore, where art is so often eclipsed by genius, does not seldom exhibit to us a great man in a person whose name was before hardly known to his fellow citizens. "He to whom nature has given the necessary talents, needs no instructor," says the great Frederic.*

Lucullus never had the command of an army, before the Roman senate sent him to Pontus,—and he nevertheless, on his arrival there, defeated the king Mithridates. The man's incredible power of mind, fully made up for all that might be wanting, from deficiency of experience in military knowledge. Little did the world think in the beginning of the last French war,

* In his letter to the Emperor Joseph II. dated April 18th, 1778.

that men who were barely corporals and sub-lieutenants, such as Jourdan, Pichegru, Hoche, Massena, Augereau, Joubert, Bernadotte, Buonaparte, Dessaix, and that others whose occupations were foreign to warfare, for instance, Jean Victor Moreau,* who, placed at the head of an army, should, by extraordinary military operations immortalize their names. Throughout Europe, armies were laughed at that were to be headed by such men; they recollected the French of former time sat the battle of Rosbach, and made themselves merry with the perspective,—Austrians and Prussians looked both (from on high) down, upon the so called generals, and for all that——But whither am I wandering?—from typographical errors to the French war. The reader will certainly think that there is also in my brain, a typographical error . . . . . .

* Moreau practiced Jurisprudence, when the circumstances of his country called him to arms.

FATAL EFFECTS OF FANATICISM.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Southcottonial sect, has of late occupied the public attention—by ushering its new doctrines into the world, and that under very inauspicious circumstances, particularly as some of the most zealous among them have fallen a sacrifice to their own enthusiasm. The writer has therefore been induced to give a version of another specimen of fanaticism as related by the "Times" of the 4th of October last.

"It appears," says that journal, "that for some time past, the followers of Joanna Southcote, who are still very numerous in and near Ashton-under-line, have in that neighbourhood, and, we understand, in some others, adopted the strange notion, that they are bound to comply with the injunctions of the Mosaical law respecting the right of circumcision. All, or nearly all, the male believers in that neighbourhood,

have consequently submitted to that operation, and have it performed upon their children on the eighth day after birth, in obedience to the directions contained in the book of Genesis."

The fatal consequences to which this has already led, and of which those religious sectarians will not admit, but no doubt consider as an acceptable offering to the Deity, must obviously strike every liberal-minded being; witness the report in the above-named paper of the inquest held on the body of an infant, who died in consequence of improper treatment, and which has no doubt been the case with hundreds more, unknown to the local authorities.

Can these people for a moment suppose, that the rites observed by the Israelites, are acted upon by them? Probably they may.

The professional gentleman, to whom the coroner applied on this occasion for his legal assistance in directing the jury to find a verdict suitable to the circumstances of the case, gave it among others as his opinion that an exception might be made with regard to the Jews. Is that necessary? Have any fatal consequences ever resulted from the operation of circumcision as performed by them? And this may easily

be accounted for. But these gentlemen-circumcisors no doubt wish to give another instance of the truth of the old adage, viz. "practice makes perfect;" and who knows but in time they may rival the best Jewish operators.

That fanaticism, so baneful in its effects to humanity, and so unworthy the enlightened age we have arrived at, an age so rich in every art and science, but which have only flourished since bigotry and superstition have no longer had universal sway, and have no longer shackled that heavenly gift, the mind of man. That fanaticism, I say, should even attempt to show itself in these enlightened times is truly surprising; and still, it is well known how opposite the measures that have been taken for the suppression of fanaticism, have generally operated: for let us only for a moment suppose, that if any one of these people were to become the victim of the penal laws of his country; would he not be held up and extolled as a martyr to his faith? nay more, perhaps even be canonized?

It is truly "a consummation devoutly to be wished," that the fatal effects of bigotry now raging in the north, may for the good of man-

kind, and here; and with the wish, that many otherwise deserving characters may see their error, and may no longer be promoting the personal interest or private views of leaders or founders of sects, the following pages are offered.

THE TRANSLATOR.

IN the Neu Mark, in Brandenburg, there lived some years ago a shepherd, a man who, by all that knew him, bore the character of being an honest, quiet, and religious man. He belonged to a sect called the Herrenhutters,* and was perhaps like many of his brethren, somewhat too quiet, and in some respects too religious.

He was one day attending his flock in the fields, when the schoolmaster of the village, his friend and fellow believer accosted him, and in the course of their conversation, which at first ran upon domestic concerns, and then upon reli-

* From Herrenhuth, a town in Upper Lausatia in Germany, where this sect first originated, but better known here under the name of Moravian Brothers.

TRANSLATOR.

gion and matters of conscience; the shepherd could not find words sufficiently strong to convince the other, how happy he now found himself in the Spirit; "at last," said he in an affecting tone of voice, "the Lord in his infinite mercy, has heard my prayer, after a hard struggle, he has given me his peace, and made me a participator of the true religion, how happy is my situation! With no prince on earth would I exchange it!"

In the same tone, the good man continued speaking, when, perceiving that the schoolmaster shook his head, he asked him with some surprise, the cause of it.

"Dear brother," said the latter, "such a tranquillity of mind is, no doubt, very pleasing; neither do I doubt but you tread in the right path. But our present faith, oh, my dear brother! the faith that we have at present, should it really be quite so pure, as the faith of the ancients?"

"Why not, dear brother," replied the shepherd, "oh, I have prayed so fervently, in the wounds of 'the Lamb' have I so often taken and found a refuge, that I now experience such a tranquillity of mind, so strong a certainty of my reconciliation with God, that—"

"All well and good," said the schoolmaster, "but my dear friend! the faith of the Patriarch! the faith of father Abraham, who, brought to God an offering of his only Son! Who can in the present day for a moment hope that he could possess so strong a faith?"

Could the schoolmaster have imagined or surmised the one hundredth part of the mischief which these unfortunate words occasioned the poor shepherd, he would have been very, very careful not to have uttered them.

Cheerfulness immediately fled the bosom of this man; sorrowful and doubtful, shaken in his belief, he now walked the whole of the day, behind his sheep: he neither heard nor saw any thing of what passed around him, so deeply was he absorbed in his meditations. On his return home, he was cold and indifferent to the accustomed embraces of his dear wife and lovely children. Under pretence of indisposition, he would no longer eat his evening meal with them, nor did the hour of his devotion and prayer afford him the least degree of cheerfulness. His reliance upon divine grace, through which he formerly was so much at peace, he had now lost entirely. He read and read again in the

Bible that chapter of Genesis (ch. xxii) where the sacrifice of Isaac is related. Upon this he pondered the whole of the day, and even during the night, which he spent sleepless; this alone was the point on which his thoughts were bent.

If towards morning, from fatigue he fell into a slumber, he dreamt of the sacrifice of Abraham, and when awaking, he jumped with great terror from his bed, and with folded hands and a flood of tears begged the Almighty to bestow on him also the grace and faith of Abraham.

In this manner did the unhappy man labour for two weeks; when one morning he thought he had obtained that grace, and that he possessed the heroic courage of Abraham, for which he had so frequently prayed; glad and cheerful he rose from his bed. His wife observed this with pleasure, and with satisfaction did he go about his daily labour, he did every thing with accuracy that regarded his calling, and then came home to milk his cows.

He was the father of three sons, and until then he was a most exemplary father; his children loved him most tenderly, and followed him wherever he went, particularly the youngest, who was his darling. This lovely boy, between

two and three years old, generally ran after him, as he went to milk his cattle, playing and skipping around him, entreating to be lifted into the milk pail, to swing him to and fro. These little amusements also occurred on this day; amusements so gratifying to a child's friend, to a feeling father.

Evening approached, the shepherd had fulfilled all his domestic and other duties, excepting one, this duty was by far the heaviest; he sent his wife from the farm under some pretence, called his children to him, and locked himself up with them.

Hardly had he done this, when he took a chopper, and (as no angel came between, like in the days of Abraham,) he severed the head of his eldest child from his body. To his second, who cried piteously, he did the same. Now came his youngest child, his particular favourite —fearfully did the darling boy entwine himself around his father's legs, and, weeping bitterly, begged of him not to kill him, like his two brothers. The man's resolution began to waver— *Two* offerings he said, (as he afterwards related at large on his examination) two offerings have I already brought to God; shall I now butcher

my only remaining one? With the most heart-rending emotions, he prayed to God for strength to accomplish his whole intention. Who can paint the emotions of his soul—the axe falls from his trembling hand. The idea that this last sacrifice must be particularly acceptable to God, because his dearest, his only remaining child, conquers his natural feelings, he raises the fatal instrument, and kills his beloved child. Satisfied with what he had done, he carries the three bodies to bed and covers them.

The cries and screams of the unhappy children, were in the mean time heard by the mother, who, terribly alarmed, came running to see what had happened, and finding the door locked, begged her husband to open it. "Ah, mother," said he, "remain outside, there is already misery enough within." Upon her pressing him, he, however, at last opened the door. If *thought* is capable of imagining the mother's feelings, *words* assuredly cannot express them. But the shepherd remained calm and composed. He wept indeed over the bodies, but notwithstanding, declared to have done a good deed, and to have given to God the

strongest proof of his affection: he suffered himself willingly to be led to prison, and when there, remained equally tranquil and composed.

It does honour to his Judges, that they did not condemn him to death, but had him confined for life. The great Frederic II. in whose reign this happened, knew the nature of religious fanaticism too well, to punish the unfortunate father like a real criminal. He wrote under the sentence, when it was laid before him, the word "Bedlam."

IBRAHIM.

A PERSIAN TALE.

SHIRWAN, a province of the Persian empire, had for several successive years enjoyed the blessings of peace. The inhabitants lived happy and contented under the government of their wise prince; which name the virtuous Ibrahim justly merited. Only mindful of the prosperity of his people, this noble-minded monarch limited, of his own accord, his absolute power, by the introduction of excellent and salutary laws, agreeably to the nature of an enlightened government. He was ever watchful of the exact dispensation of justice; he knew how to distinguish true merit, and to place the most honest men in the management of state affairs; agriculture and honest industry he encouraged in the best manner; the violation of his wise and equitable laws, he punished without respect to persons. By these means he was enabled to

raise his subjects to a height of prosperity and welfare, seldom attained till that period by any other nation.

This tranquillity was suddenly and unexpectedly broken, and succeeded by a general dread and alarm. Tamerlane, that proud Tartar, whose name alone caused the whole of Asia to tremble, and whose ambition knew no bounds, was (thus said the report) with a numerous army marching against Shirwan, to add this flourishing province to his former conquests.

As soon as the truth of this report had been ascertained, Ibrahim, with all possible haste, assembled his ministers, to consult with them what ought to be done in this case, for the welfare of the country.

The valiant Osman, his first General, was for marching against Tamerlane, "Let him come," said he. "to find a certain death amongst us. Let him see that there are heroes here in Shirwan, who dare oppose him, or who in case of need, can die for their country."

"For my part," said the prudent Usbeck, the king's treasurer, "my blood, my life is at the disposal of my country and of you, my prince.

If you choose war, all that lies in my power, I am prepared to do; you have but to command. But consider well, my prince, what is a nation small in number and unused to arms, only become so from long enjoyment of peace, able to do against so powerful an army—haughty through repeated victories, and animated by the boundless confidence of their own strength? However much it pains me, I declare I see no safety but in flight; I therefore should advise my prince to have his person and his treasures immediately conveyed to some secure place, and that the most opulent should follow the example. Tamerlane then, when he comes will not remain long in a deserted country, where little booty is to be had; he will only march through, and then go in search of other conquests, and we, your subjects, will, when the storm shall have past, find an opportunity to return in peace to our habitations."

"Do you suppose, then," said Ibrahim, "that I could ever agree to leave that portion of my people, who cannot accompany my flight, to the mercy of wantonness, and to sacrifice the property of the less enriched to the avarice of soldiers. No, Usbeck! never! Thanks be

to Heaven that inspires me with something better, and through which I have the hope, perhaps, to save the whole of my people; what it is, you shall be informed of hereafter, at present I dissolve the council."

In all places where Tamerlane entered as conqueror, he was in the habit particularly to demand *nine* of whatever precious presents were offered to him. This Ibrahim had frequently heard of; he therefore ordered rich presents to be prepared, and just *nine* of each, to offer to Tamerlane. With nine beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned with gold and pearls; with nine leopards, the collars and chains of which were of the finest gold; with nine Indian carpets masterly woven; and with several other precious gifts, and beautiful in quality, he went to meet the tyrant and offered him his presents.

To add to these costly gifts, he selected some young slaves, particularly strong; but of these there were but *eight*. "Where is," demanded the proud Tartar, "where is the *ninth* slave?" "At your feet he lies," (said Ibrahim, as he prostrated himself before him,) "powerful prince! I myself will be your most sub-

missive slave, and still bless my fetters, if you will but grant me one prayer." "What is your request?" demanded Tamerlane; "Nothing more," said Ibrahim, "than that my people may remain unmolested in the possession of their liberty."

Hower proud and unfeeling by nature, Tamerlane was deeply affected by the generosity of the Persian. He raised Ibrahim from the ground; "Prince!" said he, "your sublime virtue merits a better fate than slavery. I envy thy virtues, and should wish to equal you; be the first among my friends, be my brother! Your people as well as yourself are free! Return to them and continue to make them happy!

THE STEPMOTHER.

A CHINESE TALE.

In the reign of Swen-Vang the guards of a castle found a man lying in a field, who appeared but recently to have been murdered. At a little distance they found two brothers, whom they took into custody, as the probable murderers. As, however, the deceased had but one wound, which consequently gave cause to surmise but *one* perpetrator, the question arose, which of the two had done the deed? Neither of the brothers would accuse the other, each of them declaring that he, and not his brother, was the assassin. The case was brought before the king.

"To grant life to both," said the king, "would be to show mercy to one murderer; to have both executed, where only one can be guilty, would be cruel and against the law. Well then! Let the mother of those men be called, and let her opinion decide their fate; for she will know her children best."

So said, so done. The mother was informed of the king's command. "If," said the poor woman, bursting into a flood of tears, "if I am then compelled to choose—let the eldest live!"

The king expressed his great surprise, that the mother should have chosen the younger, for the younger children are generally cherished the most by mothers. "Yes," said she, "he whose life I now save, is not the offspring of my own body, but a son of my late husband by his first marriage. I have solemnly promised his father, always to treat him as my own child, and until now I have always kept my word. I should now break that promise, were I from maternal tenderness to save the life of my youngest son, to the detriment of the elder. I feel what this sacrifice costs my heart——Cries and sobs here choked her utterance.

The king pardoned them both.

THE DUKE OF CHOISEUIL,

It is known that this duke, minister of Lewis XV. had contibuted a great deal towards the downfal of the order of the Jesuits in France. According to Giustiani, a meeting took place at Rome, between the duke and the general of that order; which is a proof of the surprising exactness in observing every thing relative to their order, as well as to make it comprehensible, why the duke considered that order so dangerous. Giustiani relates as follows:—

The duke in his youth, while yet bearing the title of Count de Stainville, and having no employ under the government, expressed himself on a certain occasion, in an assembly at Paris, rather freely, respecting the Jesuits and their intentions. Several years afterwards being sent as ambassador to Rome, he, among many other ceremonial visits, also paid one to the general of the Jesuits, when he assured him of his great esteem for their respected order. "Your

excellency was not always of that sentiment," said the general; "Pardon me worshipful father, ever, even from my youth I bore the order a particular esteem." "I can," said the general, "very easily convince your excellency of the contrary."

The duke not supposing that this could be true, reiterated what he had said. The general also repeated his words, and added, "Your excellency, here are my proofs."

Upon this the general took a paper from his pocket, from which he read to him, in what year, or what day, in which place, at whose house, and in whose company, particularising the persons, he had spoken against the Jesuits.

The ambassador became very confused, and endeavoured to excuse himfelf. This occurrence made a very deep impression on him, and when he became minister, he conceived it essential to the weal of his state, to apply all his endeavours to annihilate an order, whose watchfulnes and exactness were so wonderfully great.

THE SYRIAN WOMAN.

KING Lewis IX., during his unfortunate crusade, while remaining at Acre in Syria, sent an embassy to the Sultan of Damascus. Brother Yves, a jacobin monk, was at the head of it, and related on his return (according to Joinville's report) wonderful things respecting his journey, of which the following is one.

In a desert, says he, I met an old woman of small stature. In one hand she held a pitcher full of water, in the other a chafing-dish with red hot coals. Quick as lightning she hastened past me. I turned quickly round and called to her, "Woman! what are you going to do with those coals and that water?" "What am I going to do?" said she, "with the coals; I intend to set fire to Paradise, and with the water to extinguish the flames of hell!" "But why so bold a deed?" cried I, "In order" replied she, "that man may no longer do good, for the sake

of reward alone, nor refrain from evil for fear of punishment."

ANTI-ENLIGHTENMENT.

It is no very easy task to carry the lighted torch of truth, through a crowd of people, without scorching the beard, the hair, or the clothes of some one or other. Is it then to be wondered at, that one so unwillingly sees a torch bearer arrive, and that all possible pains are taken to blow out the light which he carries? The large wigs of some aged clergy, are particularly in danger. For this reason those gentlemen cry out so terribly when they see, even from afar, the glimmering of a torch.

SAINTS.

To fix upon certain pieces of art, as the reward of victory, is a phenomenon to which we have become used by the French, during the war in which they were involved at the end of the last century.

It, however, is neither quite so new nor so strange. The preceding ages do also produce instances where such a reward of conquest was demanded, and that war was even made for such a prize. The difference is only, that at present, store is set upon real pieces of art in statutes and paintings, where formerly, in days when there was more faith and piety among christians, a great deal was thought of the bones, skeletons and relics of saints, long since dead.

Ferdinand, king of Leon and Castile, had built in the eleventh century at Leon, in honour of St. John the Baptist, a beautiful church. This work being completed, it was thought necessary to procure the relics of some saint of

note. Ferdinand had a great mind for the body of the holy Juste, a martyr to the Christian faith, whose earthly remains, report stated to be buried at Seville. But alas! Seville was now in the hands of the Infidel Moors. What was to be done, to obtain this sacred treasure? Nothing better than force of arms; the sacred cause, it was thought, sanctifies the means. Mahomed, Aben Hamed, the king of the unbelievers, found himself on a sudden, during the firmest peace, attacked in his own country by an overpowering Christian army. Incapable to offer resistance, he came with heaps of gold and silver to Ferdinand's camp, and sued for peace. This offering was not despised by the king, but he demanded particularly the body of the holy Juste. Mahomed making no difficulty whatever, three Christian bishops and three grandees immediately prepared to fetch this sacred jewel from Seville

But it seemed as if the holy Juste, (i. e. the just) would by no means become the reward of an *unjust* war; in spite of all their pains, the body was no where to be found.

The bishops and nobles became very much perplexed, and did not dare to return without

having accomplished their mission, they resolved unanimously to prevail upon heaven, by rigid fasting, for his assistance.

Three days had they fasted, when, to one of the bishops, namely Alyotus, there appeared in a dream a human form of most respectable deportment, who spoke to him as follows. "I am the spirit of the holy Isidorus, God wills it not that you should remove the body of the holy Juste from this city; but by way of recompense for your endeavours, and as a reward for the piety of your king, my body is given to you: there is the spot where it rests." As the spirit said this he pointed with a wand to the spot where the precious treasure lay.

The envoys found the saint at the place pointed out, in an ebony coffin. It was opened, and the most agreeable scent ascended from the body. Mahomed, who knew nothing of the holy Isidorus, allowed the removal of these relics as easily as he had granted those of the holy Juste, and with the greatest splendour the treasure was sent off.

Ferdinand hastened with his sons to meet it, and escorted it to Leon, where the bones of the

holy Isidorus were received with every possible veneration, and deposited in the church of St. John the Baptist to be adored by all true believers.

VANITY.

THERE is nothing that a vain man will not do, to appear virtuous! He loves nothing so much as his mask. I have known people who in four weeks scarcely changed their shirts; but who, nevertheless, put on a clean collar daily, that they might *appear* clean.

DRACO,

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN INTERPRETER AT THE PORTE.

THIS man had made it his business to become acquainted with the theology of the Turks, as well as that of the Christians, and had thereby drawn on himself the ill will of the priesthood. At the head of his opposing party stood the Mufti, who could not suffer an Infidel to shine by a knowledge to which himself was an entire stranger. In order to remove Draco out of the way, he applied to the Vizier. "You have," said he, "given Draco your confidence; were the man an ignorant Christian, I should be silent, but he is an infidel who knows our laws, and does not abide by them. For a long time has the Ulema been mortified, and I, its principal organ, am obliged to avenge her: generous commander! who possessest the undivided favour of our sublime Sultan, mark the counsel of religion which now speaks to thee through

me. Cause Draco to be called before thee; ask him which of the two religions he considers the better, that of the Moslem or that of the Christian; if he declare himself for ours, let him obey its laws; if he make choice of the latter, he is a blasphemer and deserving of death!

However unwilling, the Vizier consented to the advice of the Mufti; he caused Draco to be called. "Dragoman!" said he, "I know that you thoroughly understand the laws of our holy prophet, as well as those of Issa. To which of the two do you give the preference?"

Will you allow me to relate a short tale? asked Draco. At the time when I, in the name of the powerful Sultan, governed the province, some subjects of his highness informed me, that they had discovered a mine of rich metals, for which I allowed them to dig. They dug indefatigably through several stratas, penetrated by the light of the lamp into their veins, and they all flattered themselves with the hope of ultimately finding treasures. At last, after long and fruitless labour, their lamps became extinguished, but their eagerness in the search was so great, that they did *not observe it.* They

groped about and said to each other, "Here! I have gold, what you have is but copper or lead." He who thrones in heaven, allowed them to go on. They continued their search and were happy in the endeavour.

The Vizier understood Draco, and gave him a mark of his satisfaction; but the ignorant Mufti departed in disgrace.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER *the Great*, aspired to be more than man—a God. Two things, however, taught him that he was but man, sleep and sensuality. When asleep, he was assuredly more of a man than when awake. In the latter state, he disgraced humanity. How undeservedly was he then styled "great," who could give the world no better proofs of his humanity, than in the enjoyment of his sensual appetites.

LEWIS,

COUNT OF MONTPENSIER.

This man was descended in a direct line from St. Lewis, and was the son of Guilbert of Bourbon, Count of Montpensier, who died at Naples, where he was Viceroy in the reign of Charles the Eighth.

He had scarcely received the news of his father's death when he fell into a profound melancholy, from which he could not be roused, until Lewis made preparations to re-conquer Naples.

The prospect of seeing his dearly beloved father's grave, was so pleasing to the sorrowing soul of this too sentimental young man, that he asked permission of the French king to be allowed to make the campaign of Italy.

Being arrived on Italian ground, he felt his sorrow gave way for a valour which made him perform feats of bravery, of which he gave a decided proof at the storming of Capua. Rapid

was the progress of the French in this campaign. Naples also was compelled to bend before their conquering arms. Victorious the army entered the capital, every thing breathed joy, but Lewis, Count of Montpensier, was only alive to the idea of searching for his father's tomb.

The generals of the army accompanied Lewis to the church, where Guilbert lay entombed. Having arrived there, he first causes a solemn mass to be performed, and then will absolutely see the body. The sepulchre and coffin are opened; speechless he gazes at the earthly remains, then throws himself suddenly upon it, grasps the object of his raging love with eagerness in his arms; and vanquished by his grief, resigns his last breath.

In vain do the astonished beholders endeavour to call him back to life. After having tried every means, they deposit the two bodies in one coffin, and send it to France.

Thus died Lewis de Montpensier, from the effects of his passionate feelings, and by his death gave an opportunity to his younger brother, Charles III. afterwards Duke of Bourbon, to act a part, which attracted the attention of all Europe.

RICHES

NOT ALWAYS PRODUCTIVE OF HAPPINESS.

One of the old Dukes of Bavaria sat one evening, according to custom, talking to some of his nobles, when the conversation turned upon the contentment of man. "This, said one of the company, is real riches." Why should man hunt after fortune? Contentment is all; without it, life becomes a chain of unsuccessful expectation: and we shall find, like Ixion, who, instead of Juno, (as his imagination represented to him) embraced only a cloud."

This gave rise to the quoting several instances. Persons were named, who, even in limited circumstances, showed the greatest contentment of mind, and also such who consoled themselves in their misfortunes and calamities, by looking upon the good which they still possessed, and the evil from which they had escaped. Amongst others, a certain marshal related that a Dutch sailor fell from a mast and

broke his leg, and then said to the by-standers, "How lucky it is that I did not break my neck." "Truly," said the marshal, "this sailor was the *eighth* sage." "Well," replied the duke, who had been hunting that morning, if you have named the eighth sage, then have I this day found the *ninth*. I saw in the field a farmer's boy tending some sheep, I said to him, "how much wages do you get?" not knowing me, he replied, "I am clothed and fed." "What besides?" "Nothing more." I observed, "that is however very little!" The boy examining me from head to foot, exclaimed, "have you more?" This question silenced me; so much conviction did these words convey!

FRAGMENTS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF THE ROMAN PEOPLE, AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

How inconsiderable soever the present people of Rome may be, and how much soever they may have degenerated from their primitive ancestors, the adventures of that people on the eve of the last century, offer a wide field for reflection to those who feel interested in general history.

No ten successive centuries offer so important a phenomenon. A more than millenary hierarchy, which extends its tyranny and avarice to all parts of the world, and knows how to keep millions in a state of childish minority, is overthrown by the French arms! The prayer of a number of protestant clergymen of the old light, "Lord! let Babylon fall!" is apparently heard. Had it really occurred,

how resplendent would that age have shone in the annals of the world.

But how could things remain thus! when the people were not properly prepared and gradually led towards the path of a more sublime perfection? Protestantism, how imperfect soever it may be, is, nevertheless, and must be, the road along which the Catholic nation must be conducted to attain a just, well-grounded liberty in religion. The nature of the case requires it, as experience testifies. In the moral as well as in the natural world, the same figure holds good. A sudden leap is always attended with fatal consequences. Can you then, my candid reader, be surprised that you have never seen any one take a sudden leap from the superstitious trammels of the Catholic church, to the pure doctrines of Jesus?

The first question that arises on the consideration of the fall of the Roman empire, to an enlightened mind, is—"Is the nation properly prepared?" to which naturally follows a second. "Had those who overthrew the Gothic structure, already laid the foundation for a better?"—History may solve those questions.

Reformers of the present day! (whether you

deserve the name either in a political or a religious sense, proceed cautiously, and finish your new building, before you entirely break down the old; or your pains will prove abortive, and you but increase the miseries of our race.

Nations just emerging from the dark abyss of superstition, are too feeble-sighted to bear the glorious light of reformation! Be not deceived by appearances, so long as the clamorous joy, arising from a sudden revolution continues; the reformer is applauded, but let the first transports subside, and the meteor disappears, and is buried in oblivion. The rude fragments of the old structure, demolished by your own hands, are then patched together, in order to prevent the fatal effects of a misguided and bewildered people!

The *Roman* drama of which I speak—shall I call it *comedy* or *tragedy?* is now arrived at its catastrophe. The little bark of St. Peter, after having struggled with heavy storms, and having been seriously damaged, has gained the harbour with captain and crew. They, among the audience, who have a fancy to applaud, may do so! As for us—*Oremus.*

On the 28th of December, 1797, died, in the

twenty-seventh year of his age, the gallant General Duphot, in a commotion of the people at Rome; in front of the Palace Corsini, in Trastevere. The death of this general is considered as the immediate cause of the republicanizing of modern Rome, as the death of Lucretia was that of ancient Rome. Certain it is that this occurrence served as a pretext, though the effect would have arisen from another cause. The revolution was prepared, and awaited but the moment of explosion. The French had penetrated into the papal dominions, and had taken possession of some of its cities. The Roman government was in the greatest dilemma, not knowing how to act. The republicans became bolder every day, and enjoyed the protection of the French Ambassador, Joseph Buonaparte, who inhabited the Palace Corsini; and held their assemblies in houses where the government could not interrupt them.

But Duphot was to become the first victim of the exploding revolution. Some hundred republicans assembled in front of the above-named palace. They distributed money and French cockades among the people, and cried, "Liberty, and the Roman republic!" "Govern-

ment sent numerous detachments of soldiers against the people, but these could not intimidate them, as at their approach, the people retreated to the open square before the palace. At last Joseph Buonaparte, and some French officers who were dining with him came down, in order to pacify the populace. Duphot advanced a few steps to speak with the commanding officer of the papal soldiers, who were posted at the Porta Settimiana: Joseph Buonaparte and the others followed him at some distance. Unmindful of the call and threats of the soldiers, who were prepared to fire, Duphot pressed forward to their foremost rank. The officer commands the first rank to fire, they refuse, but immediately the second file fires, and the general falls, struck by two balls; others discharge their muskets at him, and one of them dispatches him with the butt end of his gun, as he lay struggling on the ground. Joseph Buonaparte and his officers save themselves through a garden gate, which led to the palace. Six weeks after this occurrence, the French marched into Rome.

At the approach of the French troops, all was confusion in the city. The priests, accord-

ing to their custom, alarmed the credulous still more, by saying, that God in his anger was about to chastise the Romans; and that heavy penances alone would perhaps avert the calamity and propitiate the Deity. The good people did all they could and fought valiantly—with all kinds of devotionary acts. The most affecting sermons were preached in the open air, and sacred processions with the crucifix were seen moving barefooted through the city. The holy sacrament was administered in many churches; which were full of people from morn till night. The most holy and the most marvellous relics, which Rome possesses, such as the chains of the Apostle Peter, which are preserved in the church of St. Pietro at Vincoli, and a certain black image, which is adored under the name of Il Salvatore, were brought to light, and were carried in procession upon an altar, that had been erected in the middle of a church. Two priests, relieved from time to time by two others, were busied from early morn to late at night, in rubbing over these sacred relics all sorts of things which the true believers reached to them to be consecrated. Beads, children's clouts, and I know not what,

were offered for consecration. The officers and soldiers that were to fight against the French, did not neglect to have their swords rubbed against the chains of Peter. No wonder then, that the people were still sanguine, particularly, as signs and miracles daily appeared in abundance; for instance, a withered stem of a lily began to blossom as beautifully as formerly did the rod of Aaron; several images of the Virgin Mary, and other modonas, moved their eyes. For whole days people stood gazing at some images to watch the motion of their eyes, and no one dared to doubt, or contradict it, if there was but one person who supposed he had seen something.

But whatever the people did, Heaven was not to be prevailed upon! A certain wag had reached a small parcel to one of the consecrating priests, and immediately decamped. After it had been consecrated; on opening the same, it was found to contain the picture of Napolean Buonaparte, with the words, "The Liberator of Mankind." It appears that this consecration, and not those of the believers, was efficacious; as, at the first meeting of the papal army with the enemy, at the Senio near

Faenza, they were cut to pieces,—thus strangely do things happen!

The benediction of the holy father, from the balcony of the church of St. Peter, has, no doubt, been seen by many with a certain emotion, if even they believed in the infallibility of the pope, as little as the afore-mentioned wag did, in the consecrating power of the priests. But more affecting and sublime was the spectacle, it is said, when General Berthier, with the whole of his staff, and with every possible splendour, saluted and cheered by thousands, walked up to the Capitol, and there made the following oration:—"Receive, O venerable shades of Brutus, of Cato, of Pompey, of Cicero, of Hortensius—*receive here*, upon this Capitol, where ye so often defended the rights of the people, receive here the homage of free Frenchmen!—the sons of the ancient Gauls, that were worthy the esteem of your ancestors! I bring you now the olive branch of peace, to ornament the re-established altar of Liberty, founded by the First Brutus!"

At the head of the government of the *Roman Republic*, was placed M. de Mathéis, a physician of Frosinone, and M. Zaccaleoni, a

rich landholder at Piperno. These men bore the title of *Consuls*, and were honoured in every respect, by the people, as the highest personages of the state. But their glory was of short duration! At the restoration of the papal government, all divine and human affairs returned again to their old form; and these two consuls, who, upon the assurance that no molestation whatever should be offered them, had returned to their habitations, were compelled to suffer the utmost contempt from the populace. In the middle of the night they were attacked in their houses; in their night-clothes they were each tied upon an ass, and carried thus with fourteen other republicans, pinioned into Rome. Father Bouchon, prior of the Dominican monastery, a zealous partizan of the republic, and particular friend of Zaccaleoni, was also obliged to ride into Rome tied upon an ass. The procession moved through some principal streets to the castle of St. Angelo, where, separated from each other, they were thrown into horrible dungeons, in which they subsisted for months on bread and water.

Every thing, as I before stated, returned to

its old channel. The pieces of art, and the money with which Rome had bought its *soi-disant* liberty; these, did however, not return. The French paid the Romans with their own coin. How many millions have formerly found their way to Rome, to purchase the bones of saints and other relics. The French now sent back to Rome the wooden image of the Madonna of Loretto for the money they received, and the body of the suffering Pius VI. who died at Valence.

As soon as the body arrived, it was escorted by a grand procession, consisting of thousands of the Roman nobility, cardinals, prelates, priests, and monks, under a splendid canopy, through the *Porta del Popolo* to the church of St. Peter. There the pope's funeral was celebrated in the most brilliant manner, for several successive days. At the procession alone, three thousand weight of wax-lights were consumed; and the whole ceremony cost little less than sixteen thousand piasters.

RATS IN THE STATUE.

"WHAT is most to be dreaded in a state?" demanded Hoan Kong of his minister Koang Tschong. "Prince," replied he, "according to my idea, nothing is more to be dreaded than that which is called 'Rats in the Statue.'" Hoan Kong did not understand this metaphor, and Koang Tschong explained it to him in the following manner:—"You know, prince, that in many places, statues are erected in honour of the tutelar saint of the place; these wooden images are hollow within, and painted without. Now, by some chance or other, a rat had penetrated into such a statue, and nothing could be thought of or devised to drive it thence. To set fire to it, they did not dare, fearful that the wood would catch; neither did they dare to place the image in water, lest the colours might thereby be effaced. Thus the rat remained protected, through the respect they had for the image."

"And who are those rats in the state?" asked Hoan Kong. "They are," said he, "people who possess neither virtue nor merit, and yet share the favours of their prince; these are the 'Rats in the Statue.'"

CONGRATULATION TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

Oh, thou, who wast born when thy mother wept, while the bystanders rejoiced; govern the course of thy life in such a manner that at thy death thy friends may weep and thou mayest rejoice.

He whose mind possesses nothing more than what he can express by words, is, in truth, very poor.

MAXIM OF CONFUCIUS.

As Kung-Tsee, or as we call him, Confucius, one day opportunely found himself in the kingdom of the Tscheus', he visited the philosopher Lao-Kium, the celebrated founder of the sect of Tao, the latter was reclining on a sofa, and scarcely moved at the entrance of Confucius, with some of his disciples. "I have heard," said Lao-Kium, "that you wish to inculcate the principles of the ancient kings, sages, and law-givers, and that you give yourself a great deal of trouble for that purpose.—"Fruitless trouble! to recal people into life, who exist no longer. The sage concerns himself but for himself, and for the time in which he lives; if these are favourable to him he takes advantage of them; if not, he seeks retirement, and leaves the world to go on as it pleases. He who possesses a treasure, does not share the same with every one, but saves

and makes use of it for himself. Do the same, young man, and you will act wisely."

Confucius departed: "What is your opinion of this philosopher?" asked his disciples. "I have," replied he, "seen Lao-Kium, but I know him as little as I do the dragon*. The fish I know swim; animals run, or creep; the bird flies; but what the dragon does, I know not. In what manner animals, fish, or birds are caught, I partly know; but how the dragon is caught, I am ignorant." Speaking thus, he came to a river, and as if with veneration, he stood still before it:—"Behold!" said he to his disciples, "these downward rolling waves; night and day they continue until they unite, and are lost in the wide ocean; even so it is with us, from the time of Iyao and Schum the doctrine of wisdom came flowing towards us; let us also give the same to others, so that they may bring it down to their posterity—to the end of time. We have received, we will also give, and not number ourselves among those sages who only live for themselves. What little science and virtue we can distribute to

* The dragon is, with the Chinese, the emblem of the highest wisdom and power.

others, will not impoverish us, but enrich them. Men and times are made for each other. Let the fabulous dragon live for itself only. Think always on this, my friends! We are the waves in the stream of time."

ALL SOULS.

It is undoubtedly of great importance to the faithful, that they should be acquainted with the origin of their religious festivals. After the feast of All Saints, on the first of November, follows, (with the Catholics,) the feast of All Souls, or all poor souls, of which the origin is as follows:—

Towards the end of the tenth century, some monks came from Syria to Naples and Sicily. There they saw the burning mountains, and declared that these mountains were inhabited, by unpurified souls, which were subjected to the torments of the devil, until they had sufficiently expiated their sins. They even heard, as they said, the piteous cries of those poor souls, calling for the interceding prayers of the living.

The holy abbot, Odilo, found this idea of the monks highly acceptable, and ordered that

immediately after the festival of All Saints, this festival should be solemnized in all the convents of his see, and that prayers should be offered up, for the release of these unhappy souls.

This festival is solemnized throughout all the Catholic churches to this present day. I am of opinion that it might be called, "The Festival of priestly contest against the burning mountains of the Neapolitan and Sicilian regions."

CHOLERIC DISPOSITION OF KIN-TSONG.

KIN-TSONG, king of Tsi, had a beautiful horse, which was a particular favourite of his. Through some neglect of the groom, the horse died, on which account the king became so enraged that he took up a lance and was going to run him through with it. Fortunately Iyan Tse, was present at the moment, and addressed the king as follows:—"Prince! there was but little wanting, and this man would have died, without knowing the magnitude of his crime."—"Well," said the king, "convince him first."

Iyan took the lance, and turning towards the criminal, said—"Child of misfortune! pay attention, while I relate to you the extent of your crime. First, you are the cause of the death of the horse, which the king had entrusted to your care, for this reason you must die. Secondly, you are the cause that his majesty, on account of a horse, has put

himself into such a passion, that he was going with his own hand to kill you. Do you conceive that this new crime is greater than the former?—Thirdly, and lastly, it will now be known throughout the kingdom, and to our neighbours, that our Lord the King, on account of a horse, did, with his own hands, kill a fellow creature, whereby he, without doubt, will lose his good name. See, child of misfortune! this is your greatest crime; and what dreadful consequences result from your neglect.—Do you now fully comprehend what you have been doing?"—"Let him go," cried the king, "I forgive him!"

THE DOCTOR AGAINST HIS WILL.

THE comedy of Molère, *le Medecin malgré lui*, is pretty generally known; but it is less known, that this excellent poet has taken the plot of that humorous piece from a history related by a certain German writer, Adam Olearius. This Olearius published, in 1647, his "Scientific Journey to Moscow and Persia;" which history, being translated into French as early as the year 1656, by the celebrated Wickefort, might have been read by Molière, before the *Medecin malgré lui* was, for the first time, brought upon the stage in 1666.

The history in question is briefly as follows:—The Grand Duke Boris Gudenow, who reigned during the years 1597 and 1605, was, according to the relation of Olearius, very much afflicted with the gout. At a certain period, when he suffered very severe pains, he caused it publicly to be proclaimed at Moscow, that he

would reward with extraordinary favour and great riches the man, whoever he might be, that would relieve him from those pains.

It seems that no one voluntarily appeared to earn the favour of the Grand Duke; and, indeed, no wonder, for a doctor had his whole existence at stake in those times, in Russia, if his cure failed upon some high or noble patient; and Gudenow was in the habit of making the surgeon, as if he considered the latter as absolute master of nature, responsible for the result of his art.

The wife of a certain bojaar, or councillor of the cabinet, who received very harsh treatment from her husband, took the advantage of this public edict of the grand duke, to revenge herself, in a cunning manner, on her cruel husband. She, therefore, had the duke informed that her husband possessed an infallible remedy for the gout, but that he was not sufficiently humane to impart it.

The bojaar was immediately sent for to court, and strictly examined; the latter declared by all that was holy, that he was unacquainted with any such remedy, and not to

have the slightest knowledge of medicine. But oaths would not avail him; Gudenow had him severely whipped and confined. When, shortly after, he was again examined, he repeated the same declarations, adding, that this trick was probably played upon him by his wife; the duke had him whipped a second time, but more severely, and threatened him with death, if he did not speedily relieve him from pain. Seized with terror, the bojaar was now entirely at a loss what to be at. He promised to do his best, but requested a few days, in order to have the necessary drugs gathered. Having, with great difficulty, had his request granted, he sent to Ozirbak, two days journey from Moscow, in order to get thence all sorts of drugs which were to be had there. He sent for a cart-load of them, mixed them all together, and prepared herewith a bath for the duke, in the hope of his blind cure proving successful. Gudenow, after having used the bath really found some relief and the bojaar had his life spared him. Nevertheless, because he had known such an art, denied his knowledge of it, and refused his assistance to the Grand Duke, the latter had him again thoroughly

whipped, and after being entirely recovered, he gave him a new dress, two hundred rubles, and eighteen slaves, by way of a present. In addition to this, he seriously admonished the doctor never to be revenged on his wife. It is said that the bojaar, after this occurrence, lived many years in peace and happiness with his spouse.

CONSCIENTIOUS DIFFICULTY,

OR,

WHICH MARY OF LORETTO IS THE TRUE ONE?

It is well known that the French carried this wonderful image to Paris ; they, however, after having previously examined and disencumbered it of its superfluous ornaments, sent it back again.

Immediately after the French had ravished this maid, a certain monk placed another statue in its stead, and assured the believing populace that the Holy Virgin herself had appeared to him in a dream, and had forewarned him of what would happen, for which reason (so he said) he had betimes concealed the true image, and had allowed the sacrilegious French to take a surreptitious one along with them.

Which is now the genuine Mary?—That which the French took and returned, or that of

the crafty monk? A difference of opinion must necessarily ensue among the believers; which, in reality did happen, and I do not know whether up to the present time it has been decided at Rome; this, however, I believe, that, agreeably to the doctrines of the fathers respecting *piae fraudes* (pious frauds), the exchange was not only admissible, but praiseworthy.

COMPLAINTS.

AMONG all the complaints that are uttered by the children of man, I conceive none more ridiculous than when a tyrant complains of the depravity of the people over which he governs—of the infidelity and rapacity of his state functionaries and favourites—of the venality of all classes. The complaint may certainly have some foundation, but it sounds ridiculous in the mouth of a *despot*. How could you else act your part, O tyrant! if the whole of your people were honest, and if your high and low functionaries possessed those virtues, the want of which you deplore?—What could you *alone* accomplish, if nobody assisted you in the execution of your commands? Depravity and moral weakness are the only pillars of your throne! The devil himself could, as regent, do no harm, if all his ministers were good angels.

Ministers also complain of the depravity of the nation, how contradictory to their real senti-

ments, is evident from the opposition which they manifest towards a man who possesses virtue and courage sufficient to seize on the helm, and to aim at working a reform.

THE CITY OF GONDAR UPON CRUTCHES.

To see the inhabitants of a great city walk upon crutches, is a sight which can hardly fail to create laughter, and make an uncrutched observer desirous to understand the cause of such a phenomenon.

No wonder then that so strange a sight forcibly operated upon Dr. Ralph, as he entered Gondar, the capital of Habesh. He at first supposed it to be but a joke, but was speedily cured of this mistake, on being informed that the people of Gondar never went otherwise than upon crutches. "Are then," asked he, "with surprise, "the people here all lame?" "No!" was the reply; "they are not lame, at least they come sound and healthy in body and limb into the world, like other people; but as soon as the children learn to run, the parents give them crutches, which they never after throw off."

"But," quoth Ralph, "wherefore this caution? Do they wish here to be more wise than nature, who gives two legs to man to walk upon?" The man to whom he put the question was somewhat at a loss for a reply, and directed the doctor to another, who had the name of being very learned. The latter endeavoured to convince Ralph how very essential crutches are, in order not to be in danger of falling; he referred to the ancient traditions of his nation, and spoke of a man whom he called his Patriarch, whose legs, he said, had been exceedingly strong, but who had, nevertheless, frequently fallen, before he went on crutches. Ralph, in his turn, assured him that he knew several crutchless people who, after the days of their childhood, had never fallen unless by accident; that at all events this danger was but small, and not of sufficient import to deform nature by art, as a preventive for the same, and that even crutches were not infallible. In short, Ralph could not agree with the sage, and each retained his own opinion.

"Use is second nature;" the inhabitants of Gondar verified the aphorism. Once accustomed to crutches, they looked upon them as part of

their existence, and as an essential remedy against stumbling. This prejudice of theirs was so deeply rooted, that they could not bear the sight of a man who went without them; and even treated him as an enemy; for which reason they but seldom saw a crutchless being, as none of their neighbours easily ventured to appear without them upon Gondaric ground, in order not to be exposed to the scoffs of the great and the ill treatment of the rabble. Ralph however ventured it; he was perhaps not aware of the custom. He came into the city without crutches, and however strangely he stood gaping, he was more strangely gaped at by all present; old and young ran out to view him, as if he were a strange animal. While he stood in the street, speaking to the afore-mentioned sage, a mob collected round his person to observe the motion of his legs, how he could move them forward without crutches; with difficulty he pushed through them, and at length arrived at an inn, the sign of which was a golden crutch.

In consequence of the rumour occasioned by the arrival of the stranger who had taken up his residence at the golden crutch, gazettes, daily

papers with supplements, and all periodicals, mentioned this phenomenon! Every body wished to see him, and there was constantly a crowd of curious people, at least during the first days, in front of the golden crutch, waiting to catch a glimpse at him.

When the sages of Gondar were informed of the arrival of Ralph, they speedily began to philosophise on his account, and even to write pamphlets. The one doubted whether he was at all a man, and if he did not rather belong to the race of monkeys; another was of opinion, that he might probably be a fallen angel; the major part, however, thought him to be a man of a very peculiar sort. During the time that the learned *disputed* on his account, the great mass of unlearned supposed him to be what he really was—an ordinary man; but who, surprisingly enough, made no use of crutches.

Among the clergy of Gondar, were some who were cured of the superstition respecting the crutches, but the number of the latter was by far the smaller, the greater part zealously advocated the necessity of using crutches, as if the welfare of all Habesh depended thereon.

From these last, Ralph had a great deal to

suffer. At first they disseminated among the people, that he was not a man, but a devil, to whom the cloven foot was but wanting. Afterwards, having been convinced to the contrary, they asserted that he at least was a very bad man—a presumptuous creature, and ought not to be suffered in the city, because he walked upon his own legs and without crutches; "either," said they, "the stranger must leave Gondar, or he must submit to have crutches tied under his arms. In the states of the great Nagush, no crutchless being dare abide. We, priests of Vishnow, are in duty bound to prevent it, the interest of our church, as well as that of the state, requires this of us." Among the lawyers were also some who, from political motives, were of the same opinion, and even physicians declared for the crutches, as they promoted health, prevented too great an exertion of the muscles and nerves, and that debility was the natural consequence resulting from the disuse of them.

After Ralph had been some weeks at Gondar, and they had in vain endeavoured to affix crutches under his arms, he had at last the imprudence publicly to express his sentiments against the crutches, and to exhort the people

to throw them off, as an unnatural and useless instrument, by which the free use of the limbs became obstructed. "Try the experiment," said he, "and I assure you, you will in a short time, be as able as I am, to walk without them." These words when they became known, operated greatly against Ralph. The hatred towards him increased, particularly when he published a small pamphlet upon the subject; politicians and priests united to remove him out of the way as a dangerous being. Poor Ralph, you have thrust yourself into a wasp's nest, and that not with impunity.

It was not long before the doctor was taken into custody, and thrown into a dismal dungeon. It was proposed to him, publicly to retract (within a given time) what he had written, or else to receive his punishment upon the scaffold.

Ralph now began to see how foolish it was to wish to walk without crutches in the land of crutches. "Shall I now," said he to himself, "become a martyr to sound sense in this land of crutches? No, never! *Mundis vult decipi decipiatur ergo.* "Give me crutches," he cried, "to walk upon, give me writing materials, and I

will gainsay all I have said; I now plainly see that without crutches one cannot thrive here; well then, crutches! crutches I say, success to crutches!

In a short time the crutches made their appearance, which were tied under Ralph's arms, and now he retracted what he had written in his pamphlet.

All this having been done and publicly made known, the whole city rejoiced, and every body, particularly the holy priesthood, spoke in praise of the new convert; Ralph himself made on this occasion, a sonnet, replete with irony, which to his good fortune was rightly comprehended but by few; the rabble found the song very fine, and Gondar's ballad singers, (who every where proclaimed the conversion of doctor Ralph) sang it at the corner of every street. The clergy now took Ralph under their special protection, to instruct him in the use of the crutches. Ralph made great progress, nevertheless, the twirling round twelve times after having advanced three steps, cost him a great deal of trouble, before he could attain any expertness in this science, and he once modestly declared to a confidential friend,

that, "to walk upon crutches was in reality no easy matter."

As soon as he could, Ralph departed from Gondar, after having paid his creditors. He left the city upon crutches amidst the cheers of the populace who had before, when he walked upon his legs, despised him.

CANDOUR, A FAULT.

A man of an open character naturally discovers his faults, more than his virtues: the former are not easily forgiven, because the latter are not seen.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES III. OF SPAIN.

This king was particularly fond of the chace, and went often to the mountains of Toledo, with the intention of destroying wolves. The government of that city had from time immemorial awarded three ducats to any one who killed a wolf. The king was never better pleased but when he had this good fortune, and readily accepted the reward. "Of all my revenues," he used to say, "this money is the most agreeable to me, as I obtain it through my own exertion."

"INFALLIBILITY" OF THE POPE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the literary fame which the Abbot Galiani possessed, he was (as it frequently happens in the literary world,) a man of no great fortune. He had long cherished a desire to better his circumstances which was at last, through the following circumstances, gratified.

Pope Benedict XIV. had charged him with the examination of some natural curiosities of Mount Vesuvius. This commission the Abbot fulfilled to the Pope's satisfaction. He sent the holy father a box full of minerals and stones, which he accompanied by a letter, headed with the known words of the gospel. "Command that these stones be made bread.*" The Pope understood the Abbot. "You do well," (he wrote to him), "that you do not doubt my infallibility as the head of the church. It also

* Matthew iv. 3.

belongs to me, before all others, to explain the text of holy writ, and I never did so with greater satisfaction than at the present moment." As a proof that the Pope had rightly comprehended the meaning of the Abbot, he preferred him to a considerable living.

MERITORIOUS DEVOTION.

THERE are no deeds however nefarious, but persons will be found who are desirous to justify them, and that too from Holy Writ. Who is not horror-struck when he reads how the empress Irene caused her own son Constantine treacherously to be taken prisoner, cruelly deprived of his eyesight, and then made herself mistress of the throne! And nevertheless, this empress (who was a great advocate for idolatry) is exculpated by cardinal Baronius in his annals of chronology, who defends her crime by the Old as well as by the New Testament. "She has," says he, "done nothing more, than what ought to be done for religion."



TRAGICAL END OF DON CARLOS, SON OF PHILIP II.

INTRODUCTION.

THE celebrated German drama of Schiller, and the English translation by Noehden and Stoddart, have greatly contributed to recal to the memory of the public, the catastrophe of that tragedy, and which even formed an epoch in the reign of the cruel and fanatic Philip the Second.

It is known that Philip meditated an alliance with Henry the Second of France, which was to be cemented by the union of Don Carlos, with Elizabeth de Valois, Henry's daughter, and that on their respective miniatures being exchanged, Philip himself became so enamoured of her beauty, that he was desirous of making her his consort. But it is more than probable, that the princess and Don Carlos having felt a tender passion for each other, (and which is so

beautifully described by Schiller,) had roused the jealous and sanguinary temper of the king, so as to cause the unhappy prince to become its victim; although Philip speciously attempted, (and in some measure succeeded) to make his son appear guilty of the crimes, which he in his unrelenting rage planned for his destruction.

For instance. Is it probable that in the interview of Carlos with Don Geronimo in the cabinet of the former; is it probable, I say, that Don Carlos, at the time when all his watchfulness was in action, should have been so absent as to suffer Geronimo to give that message to his servant which frustrated the alleged crime of parricide, and which was the cause of the prince's death? Is it not more probable that Don Geronimo, although stated to be the favourite of Don Carlos, was the tool in Philip's hands for the destruction of his son! Humanity shudders at the name of the monster!

Who of my readers is not acquainted with the intrigues of court cabals, and does not readily conceive the likelihood of Don Geronimo's having sacrificed the interests of his prince, (perhaps not foreseeing the fatal consequences of his agency in this horrible affair) to

the advantages held out to him by the king? Without wishing to attach any obloquy to the memory of Geronimo, it may be supposed, that present advantages might have had a greater weight with him than those in perspective. Is this not in some measure established by Philip's subsequent conduct to him, manifested in Geronimo's splendid banishment? The refusal his request met with for leave to return to Madrid? The reasons the king gave for refusing it? These (and if only these) would be proofs sufficiently convincing of the want of better reasons to justify this most atrocious of all Philip's deeds.

If any doubts yet remain, the speech of the Dukes del Infantado and Nagara, on the occasion of condolence will remove them entirely.

THE TRANSLATOR.

DON CARLOS.

THE facts relative to the tragic end of Don Carlos's Life are variously related by different writers; impelled by party spirit or blinded by ignorance, they state uncertain reports as positive facts. "I shall," says M. de Bassompierre, "faithfully inform my reader of what I was able to learn during my embassy extraordinary to Spain, from an eminent person who was well informed of every thing that occurred;" upon which he gives a brief account of the foibles and faults of the prince, by which his good qualities were not a little eclipsed. He relates the methods that Philip adopted to govern the impetuous temper of his son, and how oppositely they operated upon the mind of the latter, and filled it with rage and hatred against his father and his favourites, particularly against Ruy Gomez; so that at last, he did not hesitate to say publicly of his father, "that he was unworthy to be called the son of the great Charles the

Fifth, and that he was fit to build convents, but not to govern Spain."

This brought Don Carlos into contempt with the king his father, but the three following circumstances in particular, caused the king to fear his son. First, the unsuccessful plan to meet the king. Having been some time at the Escurial, the king was desirous to return to Madrid with a small escort, as was his custom. This, Don Carlos knew, and sent to request Don Juan de Austria, (natural son of his father), to come to him the next morning with as many of his friends and domestics as he could muster, to go with him near the wood to meet the king, where the latter was to dine. To other eminent men he proposed the same thing, and ordered his people to hold themselves in readiness. Don Juan came the same evening to him to enquire why he wished to assemble so numarous a party? Don Carlos replied, " to prepare a nest for that hen of a father."* Don Juan promised to come, and he did so. Fearful, however, that Carlos, whose wild disposition he knew, and of whom he already had suffered much, would keep his word, he sent the same night information to the

* *Por poner nido a essa gallina de mi padre.*

king of the prince's intention, upon which the king delayed his journey under pretence of indisposition. Carlos not knowing this, marched out with a numerous suite, but returned speedily when he heard that the king was prevented from coming. The latter became alarmed on account of this conduct, and forbade the prince to meet him on his return to Madrid.

The second circumstance which alarmed Philip, was the intelligence which some grandees of Arragon gave him, namely, that Don Carlos fermented rebellion in that kingdom, and had sounded them whether, if he should fly to Arragon, they would receive and acknowledge him as king.

Add to this, thirdly, something, by far the most important; namely, that when in the beginning of the civil wars in the Netherlands, M. de Montigni and several others, were sent to the king to effect, besides preserving their privileges, liberty of conscience and the abolition of the inquisition, Carlos had secretly caused those men to come to him, and treated with them concerning his being acknowledged as king of the Netherlands. This the ambassadors themselves confessed on the application

of the torture; when they were discovered at night coming from the prince, and thrown into a narrow dungeon, where they were afterwards strangled.

All this alarmed the king very much. He therefore took from his son some of his domestics, banished his soldiers from the city, and informed him, through the medium of some priests, "that his majesty, who had hitherto treated him as a father, would henceforth punish him as a king, unless he conducted himself quite differently."

Don Carlos seeing the danger, kept himself for some time very quiet and retired, concealing within his own breast, the vengeance which at last burst forth in the following manner:—

One morning as Don Carlos was sitting alone in his cabinet, his chamberlain, Don Geronimo de Cervelas, appeared before him. "You appear in a lucky moment," said the prince, "I wish to employ you, as one upon whose fidelity I can rely, in an affair of importance."* Upon which he communicated to him his design to murder his father,) whose unworthy treatment,

* Abuena hora venis, quiero emplearos en negocio mui pues importante, seguro de vuestra lealtad.

as he said; he would endure no longer, and who, according to his opinion, brought the Spanish monarchy to ruin,) when he should return from the Prado, on the following night, in order to avoid the heat of the day; for the accomplishment of which plan, he demanded the assistance of this his favourite.

Don Geronimo was struck dumb, when he heard of this intended parricide. He did all he could to dissuade the prince from this horrible purpose, but in vain. "I do not ask your advice," said the latter, "but I require your assistance; if you do not solemnly promise me the same, I will kill you on the spot, as you are possessed of my secret." "I am very far, prince," replied Geronimo, from refusing you any service; I merely wished to call your attention to the consequences. I shall follow you immediately and go to prepare horses and pistols. With these," said the prince, "I am already provided; you shall not leave my cabinet." Don Geronimo requested permission to call one of his domestics, who might bring him his boots. The prince granted this, but insisted that he should put them on in his presence. Don Geronimo meanwhile ordered his

servant, without the prince observing it, to hasten to the Prado, and to advise the king in his name, by no means to leave that place on the following night. This took place, and the king who knew Don Geronimo, as an upright and sensible man, conceived that his son had again concerted some dreadful scheme; particularly, when upon enquiring "Why did your master not give me this information in writing," he learned from the messenger that Don Geronimo scarcely had time to say the few words to him; he had even been compelled to put on his boots in the cabinet of the prince.

The king had now no longer any doubts respecting the intention of his son. Under the pretence of passing another day at the Prado; he ordered some of his servants to Madrid, to arrange matters against the following day, who, when they arrived at the wood, met the prince. "Does the king come soon?" he asked them. "His Majesty," they replied, "remains the whole of the next day at the Prado, and we are sent to make the necessary provisions." Hearing this, the prince immediately turned back. In the mean time, the king set out at two o'clock in the morning, and arrived by day-break at

Madrid, when he immediately sent for Don Geronimo de Cervelas, and questioned him concerning the message he had sent him. Don Geronimo endeavoured to disguise the matter as much as possible; but when the king by means of earnest threats compelled him to speak the truth, he divulged the prince's intention, placing however, the crime in the mildest light. After this examination, the king caused Geronimo to be strictly watched; and went, accompanied by two chamberlains and five Grandees, into the apartment of the prince, who was dressing himself, and whom he saluted with these words. "Risen so early, Carlos?" This unexpected arrival of the king, and still more the company he had with him, alarmed the prince not a little. "Carlos," replied the king, "your errors of youth, and irregular habits, I have excused; but your wickedness and intended parricide, I must punish. These noblemen shall watch you, and these chamberlains shall attend you until I shall be informed of the truth of the accusation."

The king then turned towards the domestics of the prince and ordered them to depart until they should receive farther orders. He after-

wards sent for the Grand Inquisitor, the President of the Council of Castile, and the Privy Councillor, Marquis de Loveles, whom he ordered to examine the prince and Don Geronimo separately and minutely. Eight or ten days those gentlemen were occupied in examining Carlos, while the latter defended himself very indifferently, spoke very ill of his father, and spared neither abuse nor threats. After the expiration of this time, the king came one morning alone into the apartment of the prince, while the latter was still in bed; he ordered the guard and servants to withdraw to the opposite side of the room, and spoke near an hour with him; Carlos elevated his voice from time to time, but Philip silenced him: he then withdrew, saying to him in going out, "Be quiet, Carlos, be quiet," which words were the last he spoke to the prince, whom he, since his intended parricide, no longer called his son.

On the king leaving the room, two priests entered, who, for nearly two hours, endeavoured to hold a religious conversation with the prince, but found him very wild and untractable, afterwards two slaves entered, who strangled him, while the priests were reading prayers. Of

these slaves nothing has since been heard. At the same time Don Geronimo received his liberty with a command worth six thousand ducats, and an advance of two years' revenue, as a gratification, but was compelled immediately to depart for Sicily, without being allowed to speak to any body in Madrid; on his arrival he found an order of the king for six thousand dollars annually for his maintenance, exclusively of his situation. After a lapse of three years, Geronimo requested permission to return to Spain, but the king refused it, saying, that Geronimo had, for a two-fold reason, merited perpetual banishment: first, because he had been privy to Carlos's intended parricide, though he had employed that privacy for the king's good; and, secondly, because he had been witness to the prince's death.

The same day the rumour was spread in Madrid, that Don Carlos had died of an apoplectic fit; a funeral procession was prepared suitable to his rank, mourning was ordered, and all the grandees and chief councillors of state came to the king to express their concern, with the exception of the Dukes del Infantado and Nagara, and the admiral of Castile, who went

to the king, and instead of condolence, addressed him in the following terms:—"Thank God! sire, that the prince, your son, had not taken the oaths as prince of the Asturias; had this been the case he ought not to have had such an end."*

This melancholy death of prince Carlos, only son of the king of Spain, heir to all his states, presumptive heir of Portugal and the East Indies, gave rise to many different opinions; some spoke aloud of the cruelty of a father, who caused his own son to be murdered; others saw in this conduct a fresh instance of the suspicion and fear of the king's disposition, but there was no one, then, who openly declared that jealousy only with regard to his spouse,* had brought

* Gracias a Dios, Señor, que el principe su hijo no aija sido jurado principe de las *Asturias*, porque si lo hubiera sido de esta manera no passára su fin este.

* Elizabeth, daughter of Henry II. king of France. The first wife of Philip was Mary, daughter of John III. king of Portugal, from which marriage, Don Carlos was the issue. That, however, jealousy should have been the principal cause, is by no means contradicted by this. It is known with what argument this suspicion was afterwards supported, and how the same becomes manifest in the celebrated drama of Schiller, "Don Carlos" as

the king to this step. The bigotted Catholics in Spain generally said, that Philip had in a praiseworthy manner manifested his regard for a future state, and had conquered his paternal tenderness for his love of religion!

also by our worthy countryman and great philomath, the aged M. Straalman, in his tragedy of "Philip II., king of Spain."

CONSCIENCE.

A CERTAIN Jesuit preached in Arezzo, against the unchaste women. "One amongst you, especially," said he to his female auditory, "distinguishes herself by her dissolute course of life, the consciousness of shame often amends sinners, and therefore I will here name this woman publicly. But no! Christian charity forbids, she might through this become too much scandalized. I will, however, do something to point her out; so that through shame, she may arrive at conversion. I will throw my cap at her. She whom I hit is the sinner."

The preacher no sooner took his cap in his hand, but all the ladies immediately stooped as low as possible. "Good heavens," exclaimed the priest, "have then all these women a bad conscience?"

MISSIONARIES AND CONVERSIONS.

WHY had not the Greeks and the Romans, missionary societies? Why did the ancients care so little about the conversion of differently thinking people? Because their religious system was in the highest degree conciliatory, and consequently humane; they worshipped the Deity, under whatever form or name he was announced to them. Ephesus, might give the preference to Diana—Delphos, to Apollo—Athens, to Minerva; but no one supposed that his precepts only, were the best, much less that they were the only good, and therefore ought as such to be forced upon others. The right of hospitality was no less exercised in the temples than in the houses. Rome received with open arms, the Gods of Greece and Asia. Augustus even commanded, that in the Temple of Jerusalem sacrifices should be offered for the prosperity of the Empire, and when the Jews a few years after began to be more known, no

offence was taken if they followed a religion, which differed so materially from others, but only at the contempt with which they looked down upon the faith of their neighbours; and through which, under the pretence of being exclusively possessed of truth, they withdrew themselves from all intercourse with the rest of the world.

In a system so vague as that of the ancient mythology of Greece and Rome, and so little calculated to promulgate strict morality and discipline, this unlimited toleration was only so far pernicious as it made the people less sanguine in their religious worship. So wide a stream could never find a deep bed. People that shared their emotions among so many objects, were perhaps heartily attached to them all, but not with indissoluble ties. Hence the ease with which the Christian worship as soon as it was announced among the heathens, diffused and promulgated itself.

It has been considered as a miracle, that a doctrine preached by unlettered men, (rather opposed than protected by the powerful of the earth, and which fettered the sensuality of mankind, stronger than had been done before by

any religious doctrine) should in less than three centuries be received by a considerable share of the civilized world. Different circumstances have been adduced to facilitate the belief of this miracle. But no cause appears more forcible, more natural, and more satisfactory than the one just intimated. The heathen doctrines were not deeply enough planted in the heart; the faith of nations was lukewarm. Their conviction consequently no sacrifice,* and from this cause only, were they unable to resist the serious attack of people who thought differently; added to which, a want of judgment, and unanimity among their priests. Imagine on one side a small body of soldiers conducted and excited by able leaders; informed of the cause for which they fought, being convinced of its efficacy; and at the same time feeling themselves in duty

* Not so with the Jews, as whatever pains the Christians have given themselves, and in whatever manner they have tried it, they found it useless to endeavour to convert them to christianity. The very learned Van Hamelsveld in his excellent work, "The History of the Jews" page 306, justly quotes a writer of the sixteenth century, who says, "No nation upon earth is more difficult to convert than the Jews, because they are so attached to their law, that neither gold nor silver, nor threats of corporeal punishment has the least effect upon them."

bound to make it triumph. On the other side, observe a great number of volunteers, scarcely knowing why they are led forth, without stimulus, without discipline, and without a leader! Thus stood the case between the Christians and Heathens: the exaltation of Constantine to the throne, only serving to hasten the moment of victory.

The conversion of the German and northern nations to the Christian faith, is to be attributed to the refinement which the missionaries brought with them from the south, and to the superiority which their knowledge gave them. The tenth and eleventh centuries offer in this respect a striking spectacle and form, without a doubt, the grandest epocha of which the church may boast. That Odin and Freya were obliged to yield to the new worship, was in itelf already considerably advantageous to truth, but no less important were the alterations which followed immediately; slavery was abolished, the situation of vassals became ameliorated, agriculture increased rapidly, duelling fell into disuse, reasonable ideas of the administration of justice were promulgated, the art of writing was introduced; in short, a deeply rooted ferocity gradually made place after a short space of time, for the morals

and customs of more enlightened nations. Had Hungary, Poland,, Russia, and particularly Sweden, been obliged to develope themselves without the intervention of the christian missionaries in the usual way, by internal commotions and a precarious intercourse with their neighbours; how many ages might have been fruitlessly spent! How far distant would these countries still have found themselves from that degree of moral and reasonable refinement, to which they are at present arrived!

With such examples before us, we are not surprised that upright men have in later times endeavoured to make the gospel known to nations, who up to this day, continue to live in the same state of rude ignorance from which the ancient Moscovites and Scandinavians were released through Christianity, but here, perhaps, egotism also played a secret part. People are commonly so much in love with their own ideas, that they are not only found to recommend them, but even to force them upon others: and all under pretence of the love of truth and for the general good! Religious zealots are moreover excited by the *excluding* spirit which animates most of the synods, and at the same time

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through ill-conceived, or from a misconstruction of words; as for instance "*compel them to enter*;" "*preach the gospel to all creatures*," and such like.

It is therefore not so much at the so often repeated endeavours of conversion, but at their continual miscarriage, that we ought to be surprised. And it is truly to be lamented, that as the number of true or orthodox believers diminish daily among us, they cannot even hope to indemnify themselves with conquests upon paganism. It is true in America, after the discovery of that part of the globe, a considerable number of Indians were baptized, but if they in reality have become Christians in the true sense of the word, is quite a different question. To ensure to themselves the possession of Peru and Mexico, the Spanish crown has judged proper to place the inhabitants of those countries under the government of priests and monks, and for these ends only was conversion aimed at. The Indians are as they were, or, if an alteration has happened in their circumstances, it is to their disadvantage. They are a poor, ignorant, timorous, and superstitious people, and they possess all that is necessary to allow

themselves easily to be oppressed; excepting a short-lived conversion of the Japannese; this is the only instance which we can adduce, that the endeavours of the missionaries of later years have not entirely been fruitless.

Two causes exist, of which one or the other has always had an influence upon those endeavours, and which explain why they have had no better success.

In fact, the missionaries have used their clerical weapons either against nations who already, by age, and through habits of immemorial origin, were attached and inclined to a religious doctrine; or against nations, who, through their incivilization were completely unsusceptible of enlightened ideas. To be converted, the first wanted inclination, and the last, sense,—in the one case, the place was inaccessible, and in the other, it was already occupied by a garrison full as strong as the besiegers themselves.

I cannot expatiate here upon the origin of religious ideas, and examine in what manner, and at what period man has reached the conception of enlightened beings. The unsatisfactory accounts which have been handed down

to us of the earliest occurrences of the world and what we know of the usual pace and developement of the human capacities seem to forbid us to place that important period near to that of the first forming of nations. This at least is beyond dispute, that it is not to be expected to make abstract systems conceivable, to people, deprived of all civilization, and struggling with the direst necessity: see there what the friends of converting the pagans lose constantly sight of, the most obscure doctrines which they are taught to attach to the faith of the church of Christ, they want to have preached to poor savages who are scarce capable of counting *ten*, and to Patagonians and Caffres, miserable beings, who cannot find sufficient food: they want to have instilled into them, according to their own Christian ideas, the necessity of taking care of the salvation of the soul! that is what I call wishing to plough the strand, and throw good seed upon stony ground! The ferocious nature, the cruelty of some savages, is not to be attributed to *this* or *that* faith, but only to their indescribable poverty. He who is desirous of softening their nature, and ameliorating their morals, must

begin to mitigate their bodily distress; let him not build churches for them, but houses and barns; let him preach of the advantages of agriculture, and not of the "original sin," nor of the "propitiation;" in short, let him never forget that he who constructs a farm in such regions, or introduces a useful trade, is the only missionary whose endeavours, in the course of time, will be crowned with success.

Not more difficult is it to adduce the cause which has prevented the promulgation of Christianity among the more refined nations, who were in every respect calculated for receiving and enjoying religious ideas, if the reader can but perceive that they were attached to certain doctrines, founded on a basis which appeared to them substantial, and which were guarded by a zealous priesthood, whose interest made every watchfulness necessary. Upon these people it was consequently more difficult to make an impression, than upon the adherents of the airy mythology of the Greeks and the Romans; hence, in spite of the most constant temptations, the followers of Budha, of Brama, and of Mahomet, have scarcely ever wished to exchange their faith for that of the Christians.

In these ideas respecting the work of conversion, which have for some time past suggested themselves to me, I have been strengthened by a dissertation, written on this subject by M. Jacob Haafner, published by Teyler's Theological Society. It were a great pity if this article should not be generally known on account of its voluminousness, particularly as it belongs to a collection consisting already of twenty-two volumes in quarto.

The question proposed by the society is this: —"What service have the missionaries done in the last two centuries towards the promulgation of true christianity; and what fruits are to be expected from the present active missionary societies?" The plan adopted by M. Haafner in answering this question recommends itself by its clearness and simplicity. He describes, in the first place, the circumstances of the nations among whom the missionaries have established themselves, and of whom he knew a considerable number through a long intercourse with them; to which he adds a description of the manner in which the first connections of these nations have been formed with the Europeans, and of the treatment which they have ultimately experi-

enced from them; and from these, partly internal, partly incidental, he deduces what have always made the labours of the missionaries difficult and generally fruitless.

The Hottentots, for instance, are neither a cruel nor untractable people, but their intellect is extremely narrow, and their language particularly intricate; so much so, that any one who has not been among them from infancy, will find it impossible to become accustomed with their idioms. The missionaries must, therefore, employ interpreters, chosen either from Hottentots who have lived at the Cape, and have learned a little Dutch, or from farmers, who, as we know from undoubted witnesses, to be not only stupid, but even malicious. Let us conceive such beings transmitting to others the doctrines of Christianity! No wonder, then, that the number of the baptized Hottentots has remained so inconsiderable. But this number would even have been much less if an expedient had not been made use of, which made a deeper impression upon their minds than all the propositions and arguments! They took advantage of the rage which generally prevails among the savages for smoking tobacco and the use of spirituous liquors—

tobacco and strong liquors—(see there the bands of love!) were the means used to attach the souls of the Caffres and Hottentots to the gospel. Brother Kicherer, one of the missionaries, who also came to display in this country (Holland) his three master-pieces.* "In order," said he, "to get them together, we gave at the end of the service to each a quarter of a pipe of tobacco, but those that stopt away got nothing; they are so much attached to smoking, that all of them, women and children as well as men, would rather suffer hunger than be without tobacco: we are well supplied with this article." There is still more *naiveté* in the account of the critic Malhouet.† "Shortly after my arrival in Guyana," says he "a mission was established in the B[illegible] St. Vincent: it consisted of two priests, some tradesmen with merchandize, and some soldiers with a serjeant, under the orders of the missionaries; these assembled the Indians, and obtained from them the promise (by means of presents which they gave

* Memoirs of the Missionary Society, established in London,, 1795. Vol. iv. p. 82.

† Collection de Memoires sur les Colonies. Tome ii p. 46.

them) that they would attend and assemble every Sunday at those chapels which had been erected for that purpose, and where, consequently, the Indians were catechized and baptized, and where they were allowed to be present at the worship, provided a gill of taffia was given them each time. When the provision was exhausted, the Indians remained in their huts. The chief of the missionaries was inconsiderate enough to have them fetched by soldiers, but they resisted them, and sent their chiefs to Cayenne, to complain of the compulsion and violence used against them. The governor was absent, consequently they came to me, squatted down, and, looking at me with a discontented air, one of them said to me, 'We come to know what you want of us, and for what reason you have sent us white people who vex us? They have made a treaty with us, and were the first to break it; we had agreed, for a bottle of taffia weekly, to come and hear them sing, and to bend ourselves upon our knees; so long as they gave us the taffia we came, when they discontinued to give it we stopped away, without demanding any thing of them; yet they have sent soldiers to bring us by force—we will not; they want to make us

sow and plough like the white people—we will not. If you continue to teaze us, we will erect our tents near another river.' I replied, by assuring them, that they should no more have cause to complain, that I had sent them missionaries to assist, and not to vex them. I ordered the Prefect to explain to them the religious motive of the mission. His discourse was fruitless; they answered it with bursts of laughter. I loaded them with presents, and they returned contented.—The missionaries were ordered to be more circumspect."

With justice does Haafner censure the hurry-scurry baptizing such ignorant creatures, who did not even know why they sang and knelt, who had not the least notion of that worship which they were desired to embrace. Greatly to be lamented is his assertion, that during the twenty-three years which he had travelled throughout India, he had never seen a baptized heathen who was worthy the name of Christian.

The endeavours of the missionaries in Hindostan have a peculiar obstacle to encounter. It is known that the Hindoos are divided into several communities, and that those who transgress the laws or the religion are expelled the

caste, and are compelled to mix with the *Parriahs*—a race destined to undergo the most disgraceful labours—and to be despised by all the others, and are compelled to live separate. To such fatal humiliation does the Hindoo subject himself who listens to the exhortation of a Christian missionary, to this is to be attributed the little success those have met with who have the converting business in hand in that populous country.

A greater difficulty which missionaries have everywhere to encounter, and which the writer of the before-mentioned treatise unfolds with energy, is to be found in the conduct of the Europeans, in their conquered provinces and colonies. They, almost without exception, have characterised themselves by tyranny and cruelty. In different parts of Asia, the natives, the legal proprietors of the country, are deprived of their possessions, of the fruits of their industry; they are even become the tools of foreign avarice. In the south of Africa, the European planter hunts with impunity Caffres and Hottentots; and most of the provinces of that quarter of the globe are plunged in the most piteous misery through the slave-trade, which we encourage by

all the means in our power. The West Indian Isles, and entire regions of the continent of America, have been depopulated by the fury of the primitive discoverers.—Yet, in our times, dogs have been trained there to chace human beings, and a sum of money is the only penalty for the murder of a *negro*. Neither do the Europeans manifest any domestic virtues, which, though not possessed of the affection, could yet give them a claim upon the esteem of the heathen nations: on the contrary, fraud, hypocrisy, laziness, lasciviousness, reign shamelessly in most of the colonies. And are there then yet people, it may be asked, simple enough to suppose that the religion of such beings will be embraced by those who are both the dupes and victims of their corruption?

Lastly, if even all the enumerated obstacles could be removed, the general incapacity of the missionaries would in itself cause their endeavours to fail. For what kind of people enter upon this vocation? Men, with few exceptions, who neither have had education nor practice, destitute of all knowledge of mankind, men who understand nothing else than to pray and sing, and who seem to imagine that nothing more is

required for this difficult task than what they term inspiration of heaven, and a deeply rooted hate against the religion of heathens. Neither do they endeavour to make themselves acquainted with the manner of thinking, of the heathen nations, nor trace the path along which one might make a real impression on their minds. This, it appears, would be too much honour for creatures, who, according to them, are possessed by the devil, and, consequently, worse than brutes. Hardly have they had the good fortune to meet with an interpreter, but they begin to preach of the *original sin*, of *the propitiatory sacrifice*, of the *covenant of grace*, and other important doctrines, (as they think) of their religion. Some, of a more violent and expeditious fanaticism, are more fond of *attacking* (as they were in the habit of calling it) their auditors in a true evangelical manner; that is, to paint in a strong light eternal damnation, and the punishments of hell. To this they add a rigorous prohibition of all worldly amusements: Jumping and dancing, of which the savages are naturally very fond, they declare to be almost unpardonable sins; and those who do not frequently sing psalms cannot pass for true believers.

In one point, however, all these missionaries agree; they all evince the utmost respect for the planters, and other Europeans whom they meet on their journies; their indulgence seems entirely to be spared for those, and wink at their vices and crimes; they never venture to intercede for the slaves, for whose conversion they came, with these merciless masters, whose houses and tables are open to them: because as spiritual doctors, they only conceive themselves bound to be mindful of the soul of the heathens, not of the body—for which, it seems, they have no diploma; and, while the temporal misery escapes their observation, the opportunity is lost to gain their love and respect, which would certainly be obtained by a courageous opposition to their oppressors * * * *

THE END.

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